And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admitte ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an *E*dward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Ricard kild him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kild him.

Duch. *I* had a Richard to, and thou didſt kill him:
I had a Rutland to, thou hopſt to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence to, and Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doeth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blouds,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let looſe, to chaſe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How doe *I* thanke thee, that this carnal curre,
Praies on the iſſue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pueſellow with others mone.

Duch. O, Harries wifes triumph not in my woes,
God witnes with me, I haue wept for thine.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, *I* am hungrie for reuenge,
And now *I* cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that ſtabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quitte my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſſe,
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimelie ſmothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reſerued their factor to buie ſoules,
And ſend them thether, but at hand at handes,
enſues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, ſaintes praie,
To haue him ſuddenly conucied away.

Cancell

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to ſay, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didſt prophecie the time would come,
That *I* ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſſe,
That botteld ſpider, that foule bunch-backt toade.

Qu Mar. *I* cald thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore ſhadow, painted Queene,
The preſentation of, but what *I* was,
The flattering *I*ndex of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onelie, mockt with two ſweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euerie dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt onelie to fill the ſceane,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioye?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troopes that followed thee?
decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happie wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow,
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a verie caitiue crownd with care,
For one being ſued to, one that humblie ſues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me,
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice whe'ld about,
And left thee but, a verie praie to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not,
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow,
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I ſlippe my weatie necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in France.

Qu. O